for Powder, they'le fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that; And for their barenes, I am ſure they neuer learnt that of me.

Pri. No, Ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: But ſirra, make haſt, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

Weſt. He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night,

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good Cooſen be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Doe not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not counſell well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Doe me no ſlander, *Douglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well-reſpected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the Battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my cooſen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your